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THE

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WAR SKETCHES.

BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURE.

We had reached the entrance of a narrow pass which led through some rugged hills. Our party was but small, but its members were determined men, none of whom were novices in scenes of danger. We marched in silence that was broken only by the murmured whispers of the men, the cries and fluttering of birds, or the quick plunge of some small animal through the thick foliage, which from the very edge of the path we were pursuing, spread amid lofty trees thinly scattered on the hill.

Day was near its close. We were distant some miles from camp. The enemy might be in possession of the defile in overwhelming numbers. It was determined that we should keep in compact order until we had got well beyond the entrance of the pass, when as it becomes more obstructed or tortuous, we should, taking advantage of every bush, rock or inequality, advance singly, ready for the foe and reckless of their numbers.

The foliage became thicker as we advanced, and evening fell. On our right was a dense thicket, which we reached after having lost sight of the entrance to the defile in our rear. This thicket reached from the foot of the gorge to its summit. Each step became firmer, but more cautious. There was no whispering now, and every breath was guarded. We were far in the glen—on one side gray rocks, lofty trees, flowering plants and creepers in wild confusion spreading over the abrupt sides of dark fantastic hills, broken at intervals by huge chasms that gleamed wildly in the ray of the declining sun—on the other side the impenetrable thicket was buried in gloom.

Still steadily and stealthily advancing, each man, with his rifle grasped easily in his hand, glancing quickly to the right and left, with unwearied energy crept along the glen. A whistle, quick and clear, sent its wild sound thrilling thro' every heart and ear.

There was a sudden halt in our little troop. All was breathless suspense.—That was no bird's cry. No throat but a human one ever gave out a note so threatening. "What was it?" passed in a still, rapid whisper among us. "Guerillas!" "Hush!" We listened long and breathlessly, and wearily peered on every side. Not a man of us visible but to his fellows. Crouched with our very hearts beating on the earth, covered by the friendly bush, we lay for many minutes in the hope of hearing the whistle repeated. All was as still as though the spot had never known its wild solitude broken by the foot of man or disturbed by his passions, his schemes or his ambition.

Still we listened, but in vain. No further sound was heard. Why was there no other signal? Was it some solitary wander who sent that shrill cry forth through the stillness (in mere wantoness) and with no other motive than that of breaking its monotony? Not so. There was a significance in that sound that breathed war and defiance as plainly as if it had come from the blast of a trumpet. "Up and moving, men!" came in low tones from the sergeant in command. "Let 'em try it again."

Our march was resumed as before; but we stepped more stealthily, listened with painful attention, and glared on every side with the intensity of blood-hounds. The defile took an acute turn to the right, and on the left was a naked space, extending for some yards, devoid of all verdure but the gray moss clinging round the gray rocks.

We began, hastily, to cross this uncovered space, when there was a report of many pieces, whilst red flashes from the rocks and bushes in front gleamed savagely and suddenly upon us. For a moment we were staggered. Then with a shout we rushed forward to unearth the ambushed foe. Again the fire was repeated, with the muzzles of their rifles within a few feet of our faces. I gazed round for an instant, after discharging my piece at one fellow, and with my bayonet transfixing another to the soft sandy rock, against which he fell, and perceived none of my party by my side. But the thick smoke and rapidly falling darkness that now ruled, in conjunction with yells, shots and groans, the surrounding glen, made all invisible beyond the length of the arm.

At that instant I felt a sudden pang; a dizziness a blackness, like death, came over me; I clutched wildly at the sulphurous air, reeled and fell.

When I recovered my senses I discovered that I was lying on my side, bleeding slightly from a flesh wound in the thigh. I had bled profusely before recovering, for I was saturated in half-congealed gore. Raising myself on my elbow, I looked round for my comrades. The moon was shining with all the softness of her beauty on the spot. I counted five bodies lying within a compass of almost as many yards. I endeavored to discover their uniforms, but could not at that distance. I rose slowly and with much difficulty reached the nearest. He was dead with a blue hole in the centre of his forehead, through which the bullet had passed, and the blood still slowly oozed. I crawled to the next one; he, too, was passed all earthly aid. So on the third, fourth and fifth. The bullet had done its full work on all. These had been, a few hours before, my comrades, eager to deal destruction upon foes, and careless of the fate that met them. I was the sixth and last of the party.

But where was the enemy, or what had been the enemy? I heard no sound, and the moonlight falling directly upon the dead men, and gray weird-like rocks produced an effect that was sickening and horrible. I remembered the man I had slain. I searched for his body, but it was gone. I searched for others of the enemy, but all had disappeared.

There were no dead left on that battle-ground but the five fallen scouts. Yet, that others had perished there was obvious from the blood lying in little pools among the rock, behind which the ambushed foe had lurked ad poured upon us his deadly fire.

My wound began to bleed afresh, which brought a faintness upon me, and I sank to the earth. A burning thirst was consuming me, and I groaned in agony.

After a little while I made another effort to rise, but failed; and then falling back as calmly as possible I yielded to my fate. I thought of past days, when in early youth, no cry for bloodhad yet awakened that inherent ferocity that lurks unseen in the heart of man, until the fearful scent rouses it as it does the blood-hounds, and it springs forth with a swiftness that appals and a strength that desolates.

A CAPTURE.

My reverie was broken by the sound of voices. Then came that of approaching footsteps. As it drew nearer a new life seemed to quiver through my veins, like the fresh gush of a virgin spring.—The most savage foe, to whom the tortures of a captive were an unapproachable delight, advancing upon me with the menoces of a demoniac, would at that moment have been welcome as an angel of light in comparison to the loneliness, the woe of that dismal glen, and its bloody and unburied dead.

In a few moments a dozen armed men were on the spot, leaning on their rifles and gazing round upon the dead. Some stopped and examined the bodies with careless scrutiny; others merely stirred them with the foot, or turned them over with the muzzles of their guns, with the brutal indifferance bloodshed engenders in the heart.

"They're dead. Let them rot!" said one who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Not all dead," I replied.

Had a voice actually issued from the tomb, as mine undoubtedly seemed to do, its effect would not have been much more startling. Each man, for an instant, seemed changed into a statute. Then the whole group made a simultaneous movement towards me.

"That's the fellow that bayoneted Ike," exclaimed one of them, cocking his revolver and thrusting the muzzle between my teeth.

In an other instant I should have been in eternity, but for the sudden jerking back of my would-be destroyer's arm by one of his comrades, who remarked: 'If he's got through the rough work he had a while ago, we'll not kill the poor devil now." With a buttered curse the ruffian replaced his weapon in his belt, and withdrew. "Where are you hurt?" inquired he whose interference had just saved me; "can't you get up?" I told him I had been shot in the hip, and was dying of thirst. Here he called a member of the part to him, and taking from his hand a canteen, poured some of its contents—brandy and water—down my throat. My wound had entirely stopped bleeding, but my whole side was stiff and painful.—With much difficulty I rose to my feet, and by the aid of two of my captors, for such they were, managed to move along with the rest of the band, through what appeared a cleft in the mountain, pursuing a new path to that I had hither to traversed in the company of those who had fallen, and whom I was now leaving behind me forever.

For some time we followed this road, running at the base of two declivities almost perpendicular, whose dizzy sumits I could not scan, and whose rugged sides of gray, at intervals, were shining coldly beneath some stray gleam of moonlight, that, even, in that cavernous pass, found its way and smiled amid the gloom, like the good glance of a visiting angel.

Suddenly we emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves in what appeared almost a level country. Here, where some tents were pitched, we halted, and I was a prisoner in a guerilla camp.

A week elapsed, and I had recovered from my wound. The chief of the party who had captured me offered me my liberty, on condition that I give my parole not to bear arms against the rebels again during twelve months. This I had sworn never to do in the event of my becoming a prisoner to the Confederate army. I was equally resolved now to adhere to my oath.

From that moment I was closely guarded, with the vigilance known only but to an angry foe. No sleepy sentinel ever lounged with heavy limb and weary eye, in mock watchfulness, near the rugged couch whereon I lay. But sleeping or waking, some hawk-eyed watcher kept guard by my side, marking all my outgoings and incomings.

In that camp was another prisoner beside myself, a miserable creature, apparently, only wating the certain death that the caprice of this merciless band would, in some unexpected moment, hurl upon his head, and whom nothing but the same caprice permitted still to move upon the earth a living thing. The wretch had been captured some days after I had, in the act of robbing the dead after a skirmish. His crime, in the eye of a soldier, is a deadly sin. He is in the Parish of his class; a valture too foul for an honest shot, from whose blood the bright steel would receive a disgrace deeper than its stain; a thing too worthless to hang; one whose loathsome life should be crushed out suddenly, with stone or club, as a reptile should, and the contaminated weapon flung from the hand forever.

He cringed to his captors, and they drove him from them with curses and kicks, and where they fawned he spat upon him.

AN ESCAPE.

One night, after unwearied watchfulness and ceaseless planning, I broke from the bondage that held me. The night was cloudy and threatened rain. I had heard enough from my captors to know that a detatchment of Northern troops were encamed to the eastward within five miles of us. This detatchment I resolved to reach or die. From what I had learned from the guerillas, I felt assured that I could with little difficulty find the encampment. After crouching my way through and along the ontskirt of the thicket that grew by the side of the road, old and grass grown. Running nearly east and west, for at least two miles, I merged from it into the road, sweating and bleading; hatless, my clothes torn into fragments, panting and wearied.—I had taken my bearings from the few stars that glimmered through the clouds in the unobscured spot of the heavens, and was about to start along the road in an easterly direction, when a man leaped from the thicket—and the thief of the battle-field, the plunder of the dead, stood by my side. "Oh, oh!" he exclaimed, in hoarse and excited tones, pointing along the road in the direction I was about to take; "they're following." He shook with fear, and I pittied him. Disgust at his presence, too, lessened by the sense of the common danger. Before I could speak he dashed past me along the road. I followed and thus we fled for more than twenty minutes—he a little ahead of me during the whole time. We reached a narrow unfinished bridge, stretching from high banks across a stream. We began to cross the bridge but our progress was much impeded and even endangered, as our only stepping points were from beam to beam and plank to plank, most of them loose and rotton and at uneven distances. The bridge was supported by huge piles set in the river, whose sullen waters we were able to distinguish rushing far beneath us.—Yet the river, seemed shallow there, for white breakers curling around the rocks we could detect also. Onward we went. I was now in advance some dozen yards. All before us, beyond twenty feet, was lost in gloom; behind, the same darkness impenetrable at the same distance. Yet on we pressed, from one rotten, shaking timber to another. Suddenly loud shouts in the rear proclaimed the pursuing foe. These were followed by the sharp ring of rifles, and a fearful shriek from my companion. I stopped and turned. He called on me, for the "love of heaven to help him." I returned some little distance and found him clinging, about a couple of feet above the cross-pieces, to a narrow iron bar that ran from from one of the piles to another. He was struggling wildly. "How is this?" I asked, as I stoped to aid him. But I discovered my asistance to be valueless, unless I could place my feet on the bar, and leaning with my breast upon one of the timbers, and reached over both hands and grasped him by the collar. As I was making this easy, the moon broke fully upon us, and I met his upturned pallid face. His teeth were set; his bloodless lips drawn from them with a rigity that left them clear bare. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and his form trembled so as to shake the last hold to which he clung.

"One of the bullets," he hissed between his teeth, "has smashed my ankle; I am going!" His hold relaxed, another terrible shriek ran through the night air, and he fell crushing among the jutting rocks below; his blood mingled with the pure element that eddied round them,

I again pursued my way along the bridge alone. Many a bullet whistled past me from my inveterate but bewildered foes, and manny a narrow escape I ran of being hurled into the dark river, or of impalement upon its half concealed rocks. But one such death sufficed for that night. At length I reached the other side, thankful but exhausted. Still, with unabated speed, I pursued my way, until the challenge of a sentinel stopped further progress. I had reached one of the pickets of the detatchment for which I was bound—our gallant Northerners. I was safe, and a free man again.

MORRISANIA, September, 1861.

Who Major General Halleck is and Was.

He is the senior partner of the law firm of Halleck, Prachey, & Billings, of San Francisco, and one of the managers of of the famous quicksilver mines of New Almaden.

He is remarable for possessing those qualifications of the administration of a department which General Fremont totally lacks. Once the writer was congratulating Gen. Riley on his successful administration of the government of California—in bringing order out of that political and social chaos—when that honest soldier remarked that "all the credit was due Capt. Halleck, the chief of his staff."

As a man of unswerving integrity, as a rigid economist in the expenditure of the public funds, as an honest custodian of millions of gold belonging to Uncle Sam, Gen. Halleck has proved himself to be the proper successor of Gen. Fremont.

Though Gen. Halleck had under his control nearly $2,000,000 collected as a duty under a military order, he practiced the most rigid economy in his administration, and supported himself on his military pay and allowances, when the necessaries of life were at fabulous prices, and turned over to Gen. Smith the last dollar not accounted for.

On the termination of the territorial government in California, Capt. Halleck resigned out of the army, and became a candidate for United States Senator, but was defeated by Dr. Gwin by two votes. His excensive modesty prevented his canvassing himself for office.

But the proprietors of the New Almaden had learned to apprectate his talents for administration, and conferred on him a share of their rich mine, and a share in its direction; and in the management of their millions he has fully vindicated his former reputation. Still he is an untried General, and so far we must take him on trust. Yet he is the very antipode of Fremont in everything. He has no gang of disreputable men surrounding him, and publishing in the news-papers fabricated account of ficticious wealth he does not posess, but is so modest and retiring in his whole demeanor that his friends must be surprised at Government finding out his whereabouts. We conclude this brief notice by congratulating the Administration on so excellent an appointment.

Gen. Halleck was called to Washington by Gen. McClelan and by him introduced to Presinent Lincoln. This is why he was discovered, and elevated above the rubbish which hangs about Washington.

THE RAGGED SOLDIER.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JULIA GILL.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war, there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns in central Massachusetts a ragged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the corn-fields tasseling for the harvest, on the rich, bright patches of wheat ready for the sickle, and on the green potato fields, with curious eyes,—so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurly behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in homemade brown linen trousers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged soldier stopped under the shade of a great maple, and Mr. Towne overtaking him stopped also.

"Home from the wars?" he asked.

"Just out of th British clutches?" replied the man; "I've been a prisoner for years." He rejoined suddenly. "Can you tell me who lives in the next house? Is it yours."

"No," replied Mr. Towne, "Tompkins lives there. That house and farm used to belong to a comrade of yours, as I suppose; his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against the tree.—What kind of a man is he? Would they be likely to let a poor soldier have something to eat?"

"If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is the smartest cur that ever gnawed a bone. He is a terrible surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying the fellow, but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm after Jones went off soldiering, and when my son came back and said he was dead—he saw him bleeding to death on the battlefield—she broke right down, and this Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he laid himself out to do first rate. He somehow got on the blind side of all of us, and whe offered himself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry I did it. You had better come home with me. I always have a bite for any poor feller that's fought for his country."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier, "but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant—a sort of old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to know her first husband, and I guess I will call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins.

"Some old sweetheart of hers, maybe," said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself.—"He comes too late; poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now." Then Mr. Towne went home to supper, and we will go in with the soldier.

"Could you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale, nervous woman who opened the door.

"My husband does not allow me to give anything to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper if you won't be long eating it," and she wiped her eyes with her white and blue checked apron, and set with alacrity about providing refreshment for the poor man, who had thrown himself in the nearest chair, and with his head leaning on his breast, seemed too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I wouldn't hurry you for anything," said she in a frightened way, "but you *will* eat quick, won't you, for I expect every minute he will be in.

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head as though he belonged to the Society of Friends, but that could not be, for the "Friends" do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and how long he was about it!

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily; but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to a close.

"Now he is pouring vinegar on his cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. Oh, dear, how slow he is! hasn't the man any teeth." At last she said mildly, "I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but couldn't you let me spread you some bread and butter and cut you some slices of meat to take away with you. My husband will use abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door stone at the back door, and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a growl and a roar.

"Hey-dey, Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master. And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house and off my land a good deal quicker than you came on the premises!"

"*Your* house! and *your* land!" exclaimed the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and pushing off his hat with a quick, fiery gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his lips quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was evidently afraid of him, and his wife had given a sudden nervous shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and half fainting into a chair, for she recognized him.

"You hain't any business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, sulkily, cowed by the atitude of the soilder.

"*Your* wife!" exclaimed the soldier, with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are *your*," asked Tompkins, with an air of effrontry.

"I am Henry Jones, since you ask," replied the soldier, "the owner of *this house* and *this land*, which you will leave this very hour! As for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us!"

"Oh, Harry!" sobbed she, while Tomkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me—save me!"

With one step he was at her side, holding her in his arms.

"What did you mean treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector that there was not a God in heaven to take her part against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in the town knew that Henry Jones had come home alive and well to rescue his much-enduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of a British prison—but what they all said, and what Hary said, and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for the legend ends.—*Student and Schoolmaster.*

The Democritic Party.

Not a day passes which does not reveal some event or tendency in political affairs which demonstrates the absolute necessity of the Democratic party. The divided and helpless condition of the Republican organization—the total failure of their leaders to comprehend the struggle—their factious opposition to the President because he has followed the inevitable gravitation which forces Administrations to Democratic policies—the growing monarchical spirit in one wing of that organization, and the disregard of the Constitution by another—all prove that a strong radical party, devoted to the Constitution as it is now, as in the days of Jackson and Jefferson, an imperishable necessity of the country. We say *radical*, because the conservatism of American institutions is the most radical support of the rights of men. Such a party are the Democracy. As in the past they have been, so in the present they are the only organization devoted to free institutions for white men, and who are unincumbered with policies and isms which render the Union of the States impossible. They are the only party which has entered the war with entire constitutional loyalty, and who have neither by word nor deed embarrassed the Administration in the prosecution of it. They well knew that this must be a Democratic war in order to be a successful one and they have made it a Democratic war. Whoever doubts this, let him look at the composition of the army; let him mark the conduct of Democratic Generals; let him listen to the teachings of Democratic leaders upon the stump and in all the efforts which have been made to supply the Government with men and money. These are facts spread upon the page of American history, there to remain forever, with all the other chronicles of glory, power, and prosperity already profusely recorded by the Democratic party in their long administration of the country. They stamp them as the governing power and the very *brains* of the nation, and prove that, while elections may go against them, they still govern the country, because they are true to its greatest necessities.

We say that at this very instant they govern the country. They are the tie which binds Kentucky, Missouri, East Tennessee, Maryland and the loyal parts of Virginia and North Carolina to the Union. They, and they alone, constitute the support of the President against the turbulent factions which now assail him. If it were not for them, the abolition tide would sweep away for ever every vestige of loyalty South of Mason and Dixon's line, and would involve the North in strife, the consequences of which we hardly dare name.

They have from the outset been in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. They required real vigor, such as would have characterized Jackson or Douglas under similar circumstances.—They understood that all talk of emancipation, hanging, and confiscation would be mere nonsense in the ears of men who, by turning rebels, dared emancipation, confiscation, and hanging. To them this talk was all like saying to a soldier, 'you may be killed if you go into battle.' The soldier would reply, of course, 'I know that as well as you.' What was needed was men and money—actual fighting material; and this they resolutely labored to give the Government. They struck at once, as the Democracy always do, at the true business aspect of the situation. The great necessity of the country, after Sumter fell, was *fighting*. That was the Democratic view, at least; so they have gone into the fight, while their Abolition opponents have gone into the *talk*. But they have gone into the fight for the sake of the Constitution. They therefore deny the power of the Government to alter the institutions of States. The Administration has assumed the same grounds. They were obliged to do it because thy could not carry on the war in any other way.

Even the present Congress, after the defeat of Bull Run, were compelled to occupy the same position by the adoption of the Crittenden resolutions, and to recognize, with an emphasis unknown in our national legislation, the great legal fact of property in man. They could not help themselves. They were obliged to do that, or make every man, woman and child South of the Ohio, the subjects of Jeff. Davis. Theory gave way to fact, and the dogmas on which Congress had carried the election were swepted away by their first act of legislation. Thus the Democracy are triumphant, even when the Republicans hold the Government. They cannot cease to triumph without the destruction of the Government. When their ideas and spirit no longer dominate in this terrible crisis of the nation, the end will have come.—*Chicago Times.*

A Christian, when he comes into the world lives to die again; but when he goes out of the world, he dies to live again.

One Candid Fellow Among the Confederates.

My old friend G. Washington Bricks, a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, makes numerous mention of facts under which none but Mark Tapleys come out so strong.

[From the Nashville Patriot]

"THINGS HAS BIZ"

BATCHELOR'S RETREAT, Oct. 21, 1861.

To the Editors of the *Daily Patriot*—Gentlemen:—You are aware that with the Presidential contest of 1861 my political hopes and aspirations expired, and I proposed to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating my few acres, and in endeavoring to marry some yonng lady of rich, but respectable parents.

Since that time I have visited the city but twice—once last spring to get some Shaker seeds and fish hooks, and once last week to sell a few bushels of wheat and lay in my winter supplies.

My wheat, the quantity of which was small, brought me, at John J. McCann's new mill, just $23 29, and as this was all the money I could command, or was likely soon to command, I had no other means of paying for the cart load of things I felt myself compelled to have to render me comfortable for the winter; coffee, soap, sugar, hat, candles, boots, &c. How many of these articles of prime necessity I bought for the money, you can easily determine by the simplest process of arithmetical calculation. Suffice it to say, I expended all but ten dollars of the amount, and had got neither hat nor shoes, and duced little of any thing else—in short, not enough to fill one of my saddle bags.

I went into a shop where they had a quantity of good looking boots on exhibition in the show window, intending to buy me a pair, and fully prepared by the experience of the day, to give what our excellent old friend Squire Maxey, of Market street, would call a thundering price for them. I sat down on a chair with the bottom knocked out, and elevating my foot in front of the Manufacturer, who was pulling a wax end through the sole of a shoe, and pointing at my dilapitated boot, feelingly exclaimed, "Behold the ravages of Time!"—The manufacturer laid down his awl, thrust his finger into a hole in the side of the boot, and giving a sudden twist, made the rent fifty per cent larger than it was before. "Halloo! hold!" I exclaimed, turning pale, for I had intended to make the boots last me for every day wear until cold weather sets in, and I was ab ut to swear at the fellow longer and louder than a trooper, but I reflected that profanity would not repair the damage in times like these, and so I merely remarked that I wanted a new pair.

I have long had a weaknes for what they call stich down, but have never worn a pair, partly because they cost a confound sight of money, and partly because they are to heavy to go to see the girls in. For the first named reason I have left unbought a number of things in my time that I was not a little anxious to have. The owner of the shop took down from a peg a pair of stitch downs. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my feet had been melted and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might. "I'll take these," said I, stamping my right foot violently on the floor and taking my ten dollars bill from my pocket. "Take your pay out of that," said I, handing him the costly shinplaster.

I really believe the individual who stood before me at that moment was the most thoroughly astonished boot maker that I ever saw. He looked first at the money and then at me, turning alternately pale and red, while his eyeballs protruded from their sockets as if they had been most ruthlessly shoved outward by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry "fire," or run for for a doctor, or somthing of the sort, he spoke: "You are from the country ain't you?" I answered that I was "And from a———of a long way in the country, too, ain't you?" "Tolerably deep," I replied. "I thought so," said he; them boots is eighteen dollars."

I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled off "them boots," more in sorrow than in anger; drew on my own, and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the establishment must have taken me for the Prince of Wales, or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots! I earnestly trust that posterity will not think me too particular about trifles, but I can't pay such prices.

I went to the store of my old friend, Jno. Ramage, on College street, where I got a first rate pair of boots for seven dollars, and having invested the rest of my money in other necessaries, I threw my saddle bags across my horse and started home, fully convinced by the experience of the day that the smart grocer of whom I purchased four pounds of candles at fifty cents per pound was correct that things had riz."

When I was spending my last red, it did not occur to me that three toll-gates obstructed the turnpike between my house and the city. However, they did not hinder me much, I got through the first one I come to it by telling the keeper that he would have to change a twenty dollar bill, which of course he could not do.—The other two I rode around. I shall make it all right the next time I go to town.

I want to know, now, why they make us pay such unhallowed prices for such articles, for instance, as sugar, flour, &c. The sugar crop of Louisianna, was never better than the present one, and Davidson county never dreamed of a heavier crop of wheat than the last. To make us pay two or three prices for articles that ought to be almost a drug in the market is downright robbery—it is villianous—in short it is damnable, and there ought to be a law to put a stop to it. If there is already such a law, then that law is a "partireps criminis"—an accessory to the rascality—and ought to be dealt with accordingly.